

HOTEL IMPROVEMENTS.

The New Refrigerator at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

A Tank 65 feet high erected, which can be connected with the Fire Engines.

New Furniture, Billiard Table, and Private Dining Room, to be shortly in order.

The Crockery, Glassware, and Chafing Dishes for Hot Lunches at the Bar, etc.

AN ADVERTISER reporter made a careful survey of the improvements at the Hotel last week, and the following is the result of his observations:

The first place visited was a new room 25 x 19 feet, which is being fitted up and elegantly paneled in redwood. This adjoins the dining-room, and will be specially used as a dining-room for private parties. It has an entrance from the main dining room for the use of waiters, and another from the veranda for guests. A six-light chandelier in the center will illuminate it, and the walls are to be frescoed above the paneling. There is room for two tables laid lengthways, and fifty persons can banquet with comfort in this elegant *salon*.

The main improvement amongst the many now going on is undoubtedly the Refrigerator House. About this we must say a word before describing it. It is first and last the work and invention of Mr. Geo. H. Fassett, and he has paralyzed every Thomas Dyddymus in town by the success of his scheme.

The new ice-house, or refrigerator, is directly under the rays of a hot sun, but it has been perfectly easy to keep it at a temperature of 41° Fahrenheit, and yet constantly admit visitors. When it is opened only once a day the temperature will, of course be much lower. The chamber is 16 feet by 16 in the clear, and is lined with sheet iron. The house on the outside is lined with four inches thickness of solid granulated charcoal. The floor is protected 6 inches deep by the same substance, and between the rafters and the roof there is a bed of 5 inches of granulated charcoal. Between the roof and the top of the ice-box there is an air-chamber 18 inches wide. Again on the sides and top of the ice-receiver there is a solid bed of granulated charcoal 4 inches in thickness. The ice-receiver will hold four and one-half tons of ice.

To give a clear idea of the refrigerator let the reader imagine a chamber with a huge ice-chest reaching to within seven feet of the ground, connected with three tubes on each side. These tubes are 2½ inches in the clear, and pass down to the charcoal lining of the floor of the chamber, flooding the room with cold air. The old idea used to be to pack meat and game with chunks of ice. Mr. Fassett's idea, which is the correct one, is to flood a chamber with cold air through pipes connected with an ice-chest. Cold air, of course, descends just as heat ascends.

Here all the meats, butter, eggs and game used in the hotel are kept, and, adjoining the ice chamber is the most perfectly appointed butcher shop ever planned. In the butcher's shop all arrangements are made to prepare meats for the cook. That official has only to enter the ice-house door and take from the hooks all the raw material which he may require for the day. The ice will last four or five weeks. On the 19th August Mr. Wilder put in 4½ tons into Mr. Fassett's chamber and yesterday there were still two tons intact, although on several occasions ice has been withdrawn for the use of the hotel. The idea of distributing the cold from the ice-chamber to the room below by means of pipes is evidently the most perfect scheme ever worked out as adaptable to this climate for the preservation of food. The charcoal linings above, below and at the sides are, of course, most important adjuncts in keeping the heat out and the ice from melting. If we particularize on the details of the new ice-house at the hotel it is because the ADVERTISER believes that many citizens will in the near future avail themselves of Mr. Fassett's ideas and work greatly to their comfort and hygienic benefit. The ice-chamber only needs renewing every four or five weeks.

The doors between the ice-house and the butcher's shop are about eight inches thick, constructed of wood, but zinc lined and protected with rubber. We believe that this refrigerating chamber cannot be beaten in any part of the United States or Europe.

In the butcher's shop are all possible utensils, from a new chopping block of hard maple down to the tiniest knife required to split a pigeon. Through there the ice is hoisted by blocks and tackle into the adjoining chamber, by opening two tiny iron doors leading into the chamber. Looking through these, by mounting a ladder, the visitor can see huge blocks reposing without dripping, and disseminating the cold air to the meats and other edibles below. As stated, no one believed in the project when started by Mr. Fassett, not even Mr. Geo. Macfarlane or Mr. Wilder. Now, seeing that the temperature of the house has been

kept at 41°, in spite of the constant admission of visitors, the greatest doubters are convinced of the genuine practicability of Mr. Fassett's ideas.

The fine tank-house, 65 feet in height, has a new water tank on top which holds 3,120 gallons. The water is forced from the artesian well up into the tank by a large fly-wheel California pump. The tank is filled by Chinese labor as often as required. It supplies the kitchen and the upper part of the hotel with water. There is pressure enough in case of fire to throw four streams from four fire-plugs from one side of the house to the other. An attachment which is particularly valuable has been made to the artesian well to connect the hotel with the different fire engines in case of a fire in the building.

The hotel has lately received two elegant coats of paint, one with a tinge of blue in it and the other of stone color. The cost of this work was about \$2,000.

A new addition to the kitchen, which was very necessary, has been made by the erection of a bakeshop 12x14 feet. The baker's oven is being built on solid masonry. The oven will be 8x10 in the clear.

The new upper store-room connects with the main store-room by a trap-door. It works as a sub-store-room from the room below, which is 16 x 26 feet in dimensions. Here, as the goods are sent up for use, they are noted and charged from the one department to the other. All the finest French goods are stored here—such as Pate de foie gras, Pate d'Alumettes, the finest oils, anchovies, canned goods of the choicest sorts, and material enough for a royal banquet. On one side of the room are the bread-lockers, cake-lockers—all in perfect order, and arranged to receive the various breads and biscuits used in the hotel, while above them the immense store of crockery is stored on shelves as fast as it can be unloaded from the crates and washed.

In the main dining-room new tables have been put in of the same pattern and make as those used in the Palace Hotel, San Francisco. New china, new cutlery, silver ware, glassware, and table linen is being put in throughout, and an elegant new crystal chandelier will shortly be erected. Two exquisitely-finished sideboards have been put in, and the kitchen adjoining rejoices in new ranges, new boilers, new cooking utensils, and other culinary apparatus.

For the bar an entirely new outfit of crystal goblets has been procured, and in the lower hall a new Brunswick and Balke table is being erected with full fittings for match games. The old table near the garden will be converted in to a pool-table so that shortly there will be three small tables and two pool tables. The billiard-room will also be repainted, and new reflectors of the latest pattern will be placed over the different tables.

The great caterer Mr. Charles Dexter has at his disposal the finest silver soup-tureens and hot-water chafing dishes for the preparation of chowders at night, and of well appointed lunches by day. The lunches will hereafter be a feature of the house, and the silver tureens and other dishes will surprise our most fastidious citizens.

Our reporter noticed a great deal of new furniture not yet unpacked in the halls below. They contained articles intended for the main house and the hotel parlor. The furniture at present in use will be distributed among the cottages. New bed-linen will be placed in the main building and in the cottages.

A gardener hired by Mr. Fassett is hard at work making flower-beds and improving the beautiful grounds green with the mango, the coconut, and all the tropical trees which are the pride of these Islands. He has two assistants who are working assiduously under his direction.

Electric bells will arrive on the next steamer, and the apparatus will connect with every room in the house. It is also intended to attach the fifteen cottages on the hotel grounds with the main office by means of the electric-bell system.

An elegant four-light chandelier is being put up in the business office, and gas-jets will, in future, supply the old kerosene lamps which have hitherto illuminated the corners of the hotel.

Four men, yesterday, were engaged unloading the crates received by the last steamer.

The lunches promise to rival the best efforts of San Francisco under the care of Charlie Dexter, and they certainly will be elegantly served. The ADVERTISER will have more to say about the Hotel when all the improvements are completed and in operation.

He had been ridiculing her big feet, and, to get even with him, she replied that he might have her sealskin sacking made over into a pair of earmuffs.—*New York Life*.

Mr. Gatling, of Gatling gun fame, is a benevolent looking old gentleman, with snowy hair and whiskers. He is slightly deaf, wears gold-rimmed spectacles, and talks about his wholesale slaughtering machine as unconcernedly as though it were merely an improved hay-rake.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, Aug. 16.

The Microbes cause us more trouble than the Chinese and the regeneration of the Egyptians, and far more so than the new right divine Royalists, nicknamed "Blancs d'Espagne" (whiting), or the anarchists, and their programme of amnesty for dynamites and street ruffians of both sexes in general. Now that Dr. Koch has departed, one can take stock of his cholera mission. What has he told us new about the microbes? He has found these little gentry in the cholera patients at Toulon, as at the hospitals of Egypt and Bombay. Since Pasteur's discoveries, we are prepared to find microbes in every contagious disease—more especially when of a zymotic character. Indeed we might conclude, as a general truth, we live, move, and have our being in microbes, but we beat them off by good health, that is to say, by unimpaired life.

Dr. Koch has found out no perfect cure for cholera—the only result the public cared for. And his suggested preservatives, where not already made known by Pasteur, are open to grave hesitation. Dr. Koch, no more than other scientists, has not been able to communicate cholera to monkeys, dogs, rabbits, guinea pigs, barn-door fowl, or such small deer which form the stock subjects for textual experiments in laboratories.

The doctor lays down that the cholera microbe, if cut off from humidity, expires, perhaps, of thirst in the course of six days. They manage, however, to keep alive in the case of caravans, those fruitful sources of cholera, which take forty days to cross deserts, and where, save the water bags, everything is as dry as parchment, or as a Peruvian mummy. Hence, Dr. Koch recommends not to water streets, not to employ disinfectants, but kill cholera by drought. In every prison and work-house the "old clo" of the inmates are ever stoved—for fire purifies all. In Paris, when a person dies, the bedding and clothing must be sent to be fumigated or cleansed in some of the many establishments for that purpose. The linen is washed in disinfecting solutions, and with the wool, hair, feathers, &c., passed through hot-air chambers. All, then, is in apple pie order for new deaths.

Medical science is in such a chaotic state as to curative and preservative measures respecting cholera, that the Ministry has commanded the Academy of Sciences to meet immediately, and not to separate till that body has drawn up a Thirty-nine Articles on the subject. Meantime, the public has instinctively prescribed for itself. Respecting dirt, that matter out of place, it is being well looked after. Cleanliness has now become akin to godliness. There is caution observed in diet; fatigue is avoided, good spirits reign, and there is no panic. As we are well-prepared to receive the enemy, he may be shy in coming up to the scratch. All food is generally preferred well-cooked; milk is boiled, but this is ever so in France—and the charcoal men who supply houses with water, will deliver it boiled and filtered. I do not notice much change in beverages; perhaps a little more wine is drunk to keep up the system, and brandy preparations are more "stiffened" in order to do for the microbes.

On the whole, the *fete* passed off well. Fever-dwellers beyond Mesopotamia were present; the neighboring departments contributed largely to the sight-seers, but distant provinces held aloof—their citizens would have to undergo fumigation ere they were presented with the "freedom of the city." And the Parisians, to make room, proverbially obliging, went to the country to pass the day and night, and so also escape the hurly-burly. The cholera being in the south of France, weighed somewhat on the "rejoicings," and the uncertainty as to whether or no the *fete* would be held, cramped individual preparations. This was evidenced in the case of the private illuminations, where the purchase of Venetian lamps must be renewed. There was no falling off in the display of flags; but these, being heir-looms, can be readily hung out. The official decorations never were better organized, never witnessed to better advantage. In the daytime there was a refreshing breeze that kept the flags fluttering, and in the evening the

night was still, and specially suited for fireworks. There was no military review in the Bois de Boulogne, it was deemed prudent not to attract too great crowd; instead, there were two parades of the army of Paris; in the Avenue de Champs Elysees and Route de Vincennes, so the population of the west and east ends of the city were thus provided for. And much cruelty to the soldiers and spectators was avoided by holding the parade at 9 in the morning, instead of at the more wasting, sun-stroke hour of 2 in the afternoon.

Parade reviews are only intended to tickle the eyes; when we desire to estimate the qualities of troops, we now frame our judgment at the autumn manoeuvres. One display must be expected—the review of the School Battalion before the Hotel de Ville and the Municipal Council. These are composed of the pupils, aged 12 to 15, attending the Communal or National Schools. They are drilled by non-commissioned officers, supplied with a serviceable, middy-ashore kind of uniform, and a rifle, real in every respect, save that it cannot be charged. After their mammas put rations in their knapsacks—bread and butter, sandwiches, and a bottle of coffee, or rum and water; brandy is only for heroes of a larger growth: the lads fall in, as proud as peacocks. In this army of 2000 strong, of armed youths, France might rest assured every "boy" would do his duty. They had trumpets; but I think the crowd preferred the "car-piercing fife;" the "spirit-stirring drum" made one feel happy that General Favre was no longer Minister of War.

It is easy to sneer at these little soldiers. Such ought not to be indulged in; the most peacefully inclined citizen ought never to forget his liberties and home will never be more secure than when it is known he will at all times have the pluck and readiness to defend them. A very interesting book could be written on the boy warriors of France. Dandurvaad was only 14 years of age when he received thirty musket balls, and twelve sabre wounds; Traulle, another lad, had his arm shot off, and was instantly made a captain. Sailand, the little drummer, aged 14, had his wrist hacked off at Rulheim, but continued beating the drum with his right hand. Sermon was the same age when he fell pierced with nine sword thrusts. These early drillings will make the loss less awkward when drawn as conscripts; but valuable time ought not to be wasted over the goose step. The best soldier of the period is he who can hold a rifle straight, that can endure most fatigue, depend on his own resources, and mass in well. Let him see, in addition, paradise at the muzzle of his rifle, or a marshal's baton, or a peerage, or Westminster Abbey.

The illuminations were gorgeous; the Champs Elysees had its time-honored chains of colored lamps, and Venetian lanterns twinkled variegated hues from the branches of the trees. The Seine reflected brilliant lights from the bridges, and the dancing effect was very pretty, as the decorated boats passed up and down. The Trocadero has at last been utilized, as a centre for illuminations it cannot be surpassed. It was a fairy-palace of light from pinnacle to base, seeming to rival in brilliant and variegated hues with the Champs de Mars on the opposite side, where there was an allegorical piece, represented in lines of fancy fire works, of the Revolution of 1789, and its coming centenary of 1889. The Seine at this spot was a lake of molten gold, and the fleet of row-boats, burning Bengal lights, Roman candles, etc., transported the memory to a gala night at Venice, and a competition of gondolas. The Chaumont hills shed their electric light half over the city. At the Place des Nations, the piece in fire-works represented the taking of Tonquin. The former, spelled out in enormous letters of fire against the midnight sky, would, if seen by the Celestials, make them at once pay M. Ferry's little bill of 250 millions of francs for General Millat's blundering. During the blazing, a French sailor was represented hammering victory with the butt end of his musket out of the pig-tails of the yellow race, while a Zouave mounted a pagoda as elevated as the Tower of Babel, to plant the tricolor, and tear down no end of snap-dragon banners.

From six o'clock in the evening all traffic was stopped; then each open space in the street had its dancing parties, the ground where not boarded having been sanded; the quadrilles and country dances were kept up till morning. You seemed to seize a partner as the Sabines did theirs, and if she were pretty, you kept her to yourself the remainder of the evening, threatening to read the riot act if any new-comer approached. No matter whether the music was in tune or not, provided fiddles scratched and cornopeans made a noise, feet moved; all you had to do was to invariably whirl round like the dancing figures of a barrel organ. The actresses volunteered their services, and adopted the pretty *grisettes* cap. It was whispered that several deputies were disguised as musicians; if that does not account for the discord-harmony, it will explain the puzzle, where on earth do all the performers come from?

There were other orchestras, composed of tin whistles; their programmes included the "Chinese National Anthem," the "Cholera Polka," the "Egyptian Quadrilles," and the "Madagascar Royal March." In full cholera crisis of 1832, the cholera was itself burlesqued. Consult Sue's "Wandering Jew," where the masqueraders frequently encountered the cholera-stricken being carried on stretchers to the hospitals. Supper parties in the open air were general. The concerts, both instrumental and vocal, were numerous; the "Salvation Army" was not forgotten; in the rue St. Denis this consisted of twelve persons, all singing a different air, accompanied by an orchestra where every member played an independent tune.

Some mishaps—two revolvers went off accidentally, and lodged balls in the thigh and arm of two excursionists, who confessed it was their first trip to Paris, and would be their last. One countrywoman complained she received "three blank cartridges in the head," and felt she was dying. Some one remarked she had the cholera, and she at once came to herself. The medical students had a *fete* of their own, a grim one; it was an effigy of the burning of Doldt, the Lyons printer, at the Place Maubert, under Francois I—the "Father of Letters."

The Place de la Concorde has a circular group of statues, representing the cities of France. One of these is poor Strasbourg, kept ever veiled in crepe and decorated with funeral wreaths and bouquets. The Alsatians keep watch and ward over this symbol of their regrets and hopes. On every public rejoicing a tribute is paid to this statue. It was so on the 14th, and the affair had ended, when a scatter-brained German cried, "Down with France; we will never give up Alsace." He must have imagined he was *unter den Linden*. He had a narrow escape from being torn to pieces; but he disarmed the Eumenides by imploring they would "not spoil his hat."

The Hotel Continental is close by; it had, among other flying colors, three Prussian flags; it is said they were displayed by Prussians staying at the hotel. The mob attacked the hotel, smashed doors and windows, penetrated to the *salons*, took the Prussian flags, burned the stuff of them at the base of the Strasbourg statue; and after making match wood of the handles, threw all into the Seine, and a *laissez passer la justice* of indignant Parisians. Only embassies have the right to hoist their country's flags; elsewhere the act is conceded as a courtesy. I never observed more Union Jacks and Star Spangled banners than at the recent *fete*.

It is rumored the Chinese and Egyptian imbroglions will be arranged to make everybody happy.

Opinion of a station master's wife of a bride of a railway employee: "She is pretty, but so heavy; she is as slow as a goods train."

General Logan will, it is said, shortly commence work on a book containing his reminiscences of the war. General Sheridan will also issue a volume on the same subject during the present year.

Upon a writer exclaiming that his works contained much "food for thought," a friend remarked: "That may be so; but it is wretchedly cooked."